

he received was at once rolled up and put aside in a drawer ; he liked to have everything spick and span, and it was he himself who attended to virtually all the *menage* of his Parisian and country workrooms.

About 1893 a "confession" of the drawing-room order was extracted from Zola, and on consulting it finds him stating that his favourite colour (like Daudet's) was red and Ms favourite flower the rose, though he also had a taste for peonies and dahlias, which he grew in profusion at M6dan. Contrary to Daudet, who expressed a liking for no animals or birds whatever, he declared that he liked them all* Work, he wrote, was Ms favourite occupation, while his dream of happiness was to do nothing. The quality he preferred in man was kind-heartedness, in woman tenderness. His favourite authors, painters, and composers were those who saw and expressed things clearly. His favourite heroes and heroines in fiction were those who were not heroes or heroines; in real life, those who earned their "bread. The greatest misfortune he knew was to remain in doubt respecting anything; the historical characters he most despised were traitors ; the gift lie most desired to possess was eloquence; and the way he would like to die was "suddenly."

Of one longing which possessed Zola for several years there is no mention in the "confession"; neither is it indi-

cated in Dr. Toulouse's "Enquête." But its nature and its consequences must be stated here. Eminent writers have more than once laid down the rule that if in writing an account of any living individual it is best to preserve reticence and avoid everything offensive, on the other hand it is essential that the biographer of one who is dead and gone